

The Dark Forest Games

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Summary: The Dark Forest has won the war, and the Clans are forced to compete in the Dark Games. My version of the Warriors Hunger Games crossover. Rated T for blood and Hunger Games stuff.

1. The Tributes

****Here it is! This is my version of the Warriors hunger games. To my utter disbelief, most renditions of this crossover were never completed. I chose to start this because a stunning number of... Wait for it... 2 people voted on my poll, and both chose this. The long overdue episode of the Hollyleaf and Ivypool show should be up by this weekend, and I have a very special event planned for one of the future episodes! ;) But sit back and enjoy my story!****

* * *

><p>The Dark Forest was back. Mapleshade gazed down triumphantly at the Clans, Tigerstar next to her and Brokenstar on the other side.<p>

"This is how it will work, crowfood," she hissed. Some cats muttered below, and one let out a low growl. With a wave of her tail, she signaled Hawkfrost and he dragged the unfortunate cat back into the brush and slit its throat. "Any more _interruptions?_" Mapleshade purred silkily. All noises shut off.

"This is the Dark Games. Six cats from each Clans will be put into the lake territories. Twenty four of your beloved cats will enter, and one will return. Any questions so far?" A cricket chirped. The island was silent. "Excellent. One kit, one apprentice, three warriors, and one cat of importance from each Clan will be chosen, whether living or dead. If for some unknown reason a cat would like to join the Games, they may volunteer for one of their Clanmates of their equal only. Tigerstar will begin." Mapleshade stepped back, her pelt glowing.

"Kits," Tigerstar began. "ThunderClan, Mosskit. WindClan, Swallowkit.

ShadowClan, Marshkit. RiverClan, Pricklekit." The four chosen kits were herded towards the Dark Forest representatives, their relatives hissing and watching helplessly.

Hawkfrost clambered up next to his father, pelt bristling menacingly. "Apprentices for the Games. ThunderClan, Shrewpaw. WindClan, Gorsepaw. ShadowClan, Talonpaw. RiverClan, Troutpaw."

On the topmost branch, Snowtuft yowled to gain attention. Mapleshade gave him a nod, and he recited the names of the chosen warriors. "ThunderClan, Ivypool, Ashfur, Dovewing." Dovewing fluffed up her fur, eyes scared.

"I volunteer!" Bumblestripe yelped, sliding Dovewing behind him. Mapleshade's eyes narrowed in amusement.

"Accepted. Snowtuft, continue."

The white warrior clawed the tree bark. "WindClan, Dawnflower, Heathertail, Crowfeather. ShadowClan, Tigerheart, Starlingwing, Brackenfoot. RiverClan, Mintfur, Rainflower, Silverstream." Tawnypelt lunged forward, her paws slapping the peaty island mud.

Graystripe stood beside her. "I volunteer!" they meowed in unison, each glancing at their kit or mate.

Tigerheart growled and glared up at Tigerstar. "Don't let her," he said flatly. Tigerstar nodded. Mapleshade noted it calmly and cleared her throat.

"Neither accepted." Graystripe opened his mouth to utter words of amazement, but Mapleshade cut him off. "The tom is not an equal position to the she-cat. Push them back." Thistleclaw snarled and shoved the two into the crowd.

"POSITIONS OF POWER," Brokenstar bellowed. "Russetfur, Spottedleaf, Stonefur, Hawkheart."

All the tributes were gathered at the base of the tree, corralled into a tight circle. "The rest of you miserable flea-pelts will be made to work as slaves for us," Mapleshade decreed. "Now say goodbye to these kittypets, because most of them won't be seen alive by you again." With that she teleported into the sky, the Dark Forest cats following, leaving the tributes scattered around the island.

* * *

><p>PROLOGUE COMPLETE! Now please Read and Review! I hope you enjoyed and want more!

~Jade

2. Day 1- Ivypool

Here it is! I'm sorry it came out a day late, I was really busy, and was kind of disappointed with the lack of support. It's been out for a week and no one bothered to review! DX Anyways, enjoy! The first chapter is in a certain ThunderClan silver and white tabby's point of view.

* * *

><p>Day 1<p>

Cats

Remaining:

Stonefur

Silverstream

Rainflower

Mintfur

Troutpaw

Pricklekit

Spottedleaf

Ashfur

Ivypool

Bumblestripe

Shrewpaw

Mosskit

Hawkheart

Dawnflower

Heathertail

Crowfeather

Gorsepaw

Swallowkit

Russetfur

Tigerheart

Starlingwing

Brackenfoot

Talonpaw

Marshkit

~Ivypool's Point of View (POV)~

Mapleshade yowled until all of us were awake, then went over the rules. Her voice was becoming a thing I despised.

"Rule 1: only one cat may leave the arena alive. Rule 2: all types of death are acceptable. Rule 3: don't leave the arena. Got it?"

I scanned over the ThunderClan representatives. _Spottedleaf, Bumblestripe, Ashfur, Shrewpaw, Mosskit. _The only cat I knew well enough to trust was Bumblestripe, but he didn't look like he wanted an alliance. The sun glared down, heating up my pelt. _I go alone._

The mottled she-cat waved her paw again and we all were teleported to different spots around the lakeshore. Looking around, I saw my nearest competition. Russetfur and Gorsepaw. Past them, Crowfeather on my left and Mosskit on my right. My heart ached for the poor kit. _She doesn't know how to fight. _But she didn't stand a chance next to Russetfur. I turned my back and faced ShadowClan territory. Gorsepaw wasn't much of a threat.

Brokenstar yowled and I sprinted for the pines. I could hear yowls from behind me. Fighting cats appeared through gaps in the trees, and I ran flat out, glad for the first time of my Dark Forest training. Suddenly I heard Tigerstar screech. "Talonpaw!"

Surprised, I skidded to a halt in a clearing covered in pine needles. Yowls echoed all around me. A dark shape flitted across my vision. WindClan. I spun and dashed for the trees, leaping as hard as I could and landing on the first branch. A dark body weaved below me. Claws scraped bark whiskers from my tail. I shrieked. Climbing up the trunk, I could see the lake spread out below. A gray cat was stalking Mintfur further down the shore. I watched as it leaped onto her back, efficiently slicing her throat. Tigerstar screeched again. "Mintfur!"

Below me, I could see the dark WindClan warrior clambering slowly up my tree. It was panting hard. I decided to go for it. I released my branch and used my tail to aim my descent at the cat's shoulders. It screamed and I recognized Crowfeather. _Sorry, Crowfeather. _I shoved, and he went spiraling down the tree until he reached the ground with a hollow thud. "Crowfeather!" Tigerstar shrieked.

Soon I had made it down the pine. I sniffed the air cautiously. The only scents were of Gorsepaw and the stale scent of Crowfeather's blood. The sun was setting. I needed a place to sleep.

Clouds scudded across the sky. My legs were tired of walking, and the day's exhaustion was overwhelming. A while ago I had crossed RiverClan's border, and soon I found a bed of reeds in front of a tree. I decided to make a den and began weaving reeds together.

I stepped back and admired my handiwork. The reeds were artfully disguising the den I had made of ferns and moss. It was sheltered from the wind. All I had to do was wipe away my paw prints. Using my tail, I swept the evidence away and rolled in a mud puddle to disguise my scent. Exhausted, I crawled in and was almost asleep when Tigerstar screeched again. "Shrewpaw!" Triumphant yowls emanated from somewhere near me.

Instantly I flattened myself to the ground, my fur bushed out. My tail lashed, and my claws flicked out, Dark Forest battle moves whirling around in my thoughts. "Help!" a kit squealed and then I

heard menacing snarls. _Russetfur? Of course a _ShadowClan _cat would kill a kit._

The kit whimpered and yelped again. I was up on my paws, creeping towards the sound. Suddenly Russetfur yowled in pain, and the brambles shook enough to reveal Gorsepaw, rolling over and over with the former ShadowClan deputy. The reddish she-cat knocked the WindClan cat aside with a tremendous swipe, and stood over him with fangs bared. "Oh, you thought you could kill a warrior?" she hissed. "Think again." Gorsepaw twisted his head and vainly tried to break free.

"StarClan," he muttered. Russetfur rolled her eyes.

"When the Dark Forest won, StarClan lost power. They can't help you now." Silver fangs gleamed towards Gorsepaw's throat.

I leaped out of the undergrowth, caterwauling fiercely. Russetfur turned in surprise and met me midair, twisting under my belly. Quickly I dropped, trapping her. "He may not be able to kill you," I murmured, "But I can. Leave, fox-heart." With a fast swipe I marked her flank, watching the blood drip down onto the leaves. Russetfur glared at me in hatred, racing for ThunderClan. I let her go. Mosskit was standing next to Gorsepaw, gazing at me in fear. _She doesn't know who I am. The mud disguised me. _"Don't make noise, little one," I warned and glided back to the den. Mosskit whimpered, but I ignored it, too battered to do much else than sleep.

* * *

><p>Yay! I hope you enjoyed! Let me know in the reviews whose point of view you want in the future and who you hope will die. :) Also, I will allow sponsorships when we get to the last twelve. Be sure to read and review! It will help me get the chapters out faster!

~Jade

End
file.